The New-York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone,

with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square Pianos.

There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinways' indorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.

"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. Steinway are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

The Special Attention of Purchasers

Is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to Steinway & Sons:

The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the Steinway Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Pianos in all respects *the best Instruments made in this country or in Europe, we use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.*

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianos superior to them all.*

S. B. Mills,	Wm. Mason,	A. H. Pease,
Robert Goldbeck,	Robert Heller,	Theo Eisfeld,
Henry C. Timm,	Wm. Berge,	C. Bergmann,
Geo. W. Morgan,	E. Muhlo,	Max Maretzek,
Theo. Thomas,	Carl Anschutz	Carl Wolfsohn,
F. L. Ritter,	F. Brandeis,	B. Wollenhaupt.
Theo. Moehling,	Chas. Wels,	F. Von Breunlig.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists

New York, December, 1864.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

Max Maretzek,	Carl Bergmann,	Carl Anschutz,
B. Massimiliani,	Elena D'Angri,	Karl Formes,
Ferd. Bellini,	Pedro De Abella,	Theo. Habelmann,
W. Lotti,	E. Miller,	Franz Himmer,
Jos. Weinlich,	F. Matzolini,	Jos. Hermanns,
D. B. Loehr,	Giuseppe Tamaro,	Bertha Johannsen,
Carlotta C. Zucchi,	Isidor Lehman,	Maria Ferdenci,
Mrs. J. Van Zandt,	H. Steinecke,	Pauline Canissa.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT

Brunswick (Germany) September 10, 1860.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, Franz Abt.

Brooklyn, January, 26, 1861.

Messrs. Steinway—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

Henry Ward Beecher

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. Independent, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano."

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

THE HAUNTED WATERFALL.

A BALLAD.

I.

The lady Laura lies upon her couch in soft repose;
Around her form, the waning fire a ghastly halo throws;
Beside her lie her rats and mice, her "Derby" and her bows,
With her waterfall, her satin robe and divers other "close."

II.

O! dreams the lady Laura now, of yester-evening's ball,
Whereat, in beauty and in pride, she reigned the queen of all?
Or dreams she of the wounded hearts that 'neath her sceptre fall?—
But hark! a footstep loud is heard along her father's hall;

III.

Up stairs it comes, the windows of the stately dwelling shake;
A brace of poodles, in their sleep, a doleful howling make,
The fire is burning sulphery as Pluto's lurid lake;
The footsteps at my lady's door,—O! lady Laura wake!

IV.

She sees a female figure there, a-standing by her side;
'Tis clad in white, from head to foot,—'tis pale and hollow-eyed,
And on that gorgeous waterfall, it looks in silent pride:
The lady Laura cannot move, her tongue with fear is tied.

V.

"And have I found you once again my bonny locks of hair?
Oh! long I've sought you high and low, since head of mine was bare!
I will not lay a hand on you, to harm you, lady fair,
But I must carry to my grave this very night, that 'ere."

VI.

"For Oh! upon my head in life, those golden ringlets grew,
And round my rosy cheeks, when young, in shining ripples blew!
It's very cold below the sod', I needs them more than you:
I leaves you now, for I sniffs the morn': my lady fair, adieu."

VII.

With bony hand, upon her head the waterfall she flings,
And from the marble mantel-piece a looking-glass she brings;
Then, down the long and narrow hall her ghostly garment swings:
Convulsively the lady Laura to her pillow clings.

* * * * * * * * *

VIII.

The rosy rays of morning, peer in glory thro' the blind,
And milkmen in the waking streets their lively carols wind;
The lady Laura smiles once more, to all her loss resigned,
For a heavy weight is taken from her back-hair and her mind!

George Cooper.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

IS SHE A HEROINE?

BY M. A. E.

That is the question I wish to put before the public. I have puzzled over it from morning till night, have dreamed about it, and grown thin upon it, and can find no solution thereof.

Her name was Mina Blake, and she lived among the hills. No matter what hills. There are a great many in this country unknown to fame, and she lived among some of them. She dwelt in a rough frame house, and there were plenty more like it among these hills. The situation was bleak, and the soil so poor that the old men and small boys did all the farm-work, while the rest of the people worked in the mines under the hills, or in the factories of the dingy smoky town that lay near them. These last were the aristocracy and they looked down upon the miners who were "foreign," and "low."

These people never "carried their lives about them like clogs;" hard labor was not a "dull pain" to them (unless they were rheumatic); they did not look at strangers with "pitiful, dumb, animal eyes;" they did not stalk about with hands upon their brows and hearts, "pressing down their miseries to keep them silent." Nothing of the kind. For relief to their physical miseries they resorted to Drake's Plantation Bitters and as a soother of mental miseries opinions were pretty equally divided, between the bible and the tavern. They did not "strive to work out the problems of their lives," for they had extremely vague ideas in regard to problems, and life to them was a simple thing enough.

They got pretty fair wages, and ate, and drank, and slept, and talked politics, and some said their prayers, and some did not, and they all expected to go to heaven when they died. They shuffled along through life, half educated, and happy, and sooty, and conceited, got married, and died, and that was the end of them. Let them go; for it is clear that such unnatural specimens of the laboring class can be of no manner of use in a story.

Mina Blake worked in a factory. She was not in the habit of standing by the looms, and thinking how they were crushing the beauty and sweetness out of her life (she did not know that they were, she was so stupid) nor did she wonder if they were "weaving the web of her destiny;" nor did she walk among the whirling wheels with great thoughts whirling through her dizzy brain. If she had done these things, her wages would have been docked, and she knew it.

Neither did she live on fruit and cream in the summer, and in the winter on "corn cakes tinted a delicate brown, and spread with golden butter." The fruit that grew on the hills was scraggy and sour, and the grass thin and poor, and half the year Mina saw no butter. Mush and molasses, bacon, and brown bread constituted her ordinary food.

When the war broke out, she did not urge her only brother to go, and pack his knapsack with smiling lips and tearful eyes. Not she. For when at last he was drafted, she hid him under the hay in a neighbor's barn, and when he was dragged out and marched off, she nearly cried her eyes out. And, after his first battle, when he was reported "missing," she did not go into a state of musing melancholy, and fancy him lying in a lonely spot in a far-off forest, with his musket rusting at his side, and the waters of a brook rippling gently over his still feet. The picture that filled her mental vision was a room in a Canada tavern with the "missing" one seated at a table, with other choice spirits, playing the instructive game of poker, and with still other choice spirits in junk bottles on the tables. And so she dried her eyes, and was content.

It is plain enough, so far, that Mina was no heroine, and so different was she from any other factory girl who ever lived and breathed—in books—that if I had not seen her last week, I should be disposed to believe that she never did exist at all, but that I dreamed all that I am going to tell you.

One pleasant Sunday morning, some two or three summers ago, Mina went to church arrayed in her best. She wore a blue dress; not because it was "the color of truth and heaven," nor because it was "the outward symbol of the deep, liquid purity of which factory girls always have for wearing blue; her soul," nor for any other reasons of this kind, but simply because it cost ten cents less in the yard than any other of the nice goods at Poole's store. She also wore a straw bonnet trimmed with green rosettes, a black silk shawl, and pink kid gloves. This was Mina's idea of elegance. I know that working girls, who have any claim to be heroines, have an intuitive perception of what is refined and harmonious, and it grieves me much to be compelled to admit that Mina had not.

I have been particular in describing her dress, not that it has anything whatever to do with the incidents I am about to relate, which would have happened all the same whether she had worn baize, or broadcloth, but because a heroine's dress is always described when anything is going to happen to her.

Mina had a bright, attractive face, and looked pretty in spite of the conjunction of pink, blue green, and black upon her small person.

When she arrived at church, she found nearly all the congregation assembled, but the service had not begun; so, after setting her dress, and opening her fan, she looked demurely round to see what was to be seen. And the first sight that met her eyes so arrested her attention that she saw nothing more. Tom Hartle was looking at Kitty Smith! A young man gazing at a young girl is not a wonder upon the earth, but this particular young man was Mina's property. They had been engaged for some time, and, until the Smiths came into the neighborhood, he had been a very attentive lover. Kitty was the prettiest girl in all that country. She had red lips and pink cheeks, and great innocent brown eyes, and the loveliest golden brown hair that was always kept short and curled itself into shining rings all over her head.

Mina knew that Tom had an unbounded admiration for Kitty Smith. It cut the poor girl to the very heart; but she did not neglect her work, and go wandering about the woods in an insane manner, nor was she consumed by a "dumb, tearless sorrow." No. She gave Tom two or three good round scoldings about the matter; which he always answered by asserting that he cared nothing whatever for Kitty, but that he wasn't going to be such a slave that he couldn't look at a pretty girl; and then Mina would take a cry, and then they would "kiss and make up."

But Tom had not been to see her now for two weeks, and in that time Mina had thought over the matter a great deal, and had begun to see the right way through it, as she would have expressed it. Some of these thoughts were in her mind now, but the minister gave out the hymn, and Mina tried to put all such worldly thoughts away; for she was a good, religious girl, and believed in everything that was proper and orthodox. I know that factory heroines are perpetually wondering why the All Powerful permits sin, and then punishes it—why they are cursed with inherited vices—that they are sentimental infidels in short—fearing to trust themselves to a gloomy and cruel faith. None of these doubts and fears had Mina. She believed herself in the straight and narrow way, and she knew perfectly well that all infidels and Roman-catholics would go to hell. Perhaps in the very bottom of her heart she wished it were not so, but she would never have dared to utter this, even to her own consciousness; she would have thought it wicked—a suggestion of the devil.

The congregation were accustomed to spend the intermission in the graveyard, where they gathered into groups to eat their lunch, and to gossip. Mina stole away to an uninviting spot where the old tombstones were half sunk in the earth, and the graves overgrown with weeds. Here she thought she would not be followed, for she wanted to think about Tom.

She had been there but a few minutes when she saw him coming slowly towards her, with eyes bent upon the ground.

"He is sorry, poor fellow!" she thought, "I know he is sorry."

Tom started on seeing her. "How you do startle a fellow, Mina!" he said. "And you look like a ghost. What is the matter? Does anything trouble you, Mina?" he added in a more kindly tone.

Mina did not lean her pale face against the tombstone, and say: "God knows!" or look at him reproachfully like a dumb animal being led to the slaughter, or do anything else she ought to have done. She looked at him with contempt, and exclaiming, "Tom Hartle, you are a fool!" walked away as fast as she could, for fear she should cry, which was a weakness of hers.

She did not go far. The thoughts that Tom's unlucky question had dissipated, came back to her, and turning suddenly round she went back to the place where she had left him. He was leaning against the fence, looking at the hills in the distance with a sad and troubled face.

"Tom," said Mina, kindly, laying her hand on his shoulder, "I know what you are thinking about. Don't grieve over it. It can't be helped, and you're not a bit to blame for it, and I guess it will all come out right in the end somehow."

And she was gone before Tom quite comprehended her words.

Tom did not intend to walk home with Kitty Smith, but when they went out of church, and she looked at him with her great brown eyes, he was drawn to her side as by a magnet, and they walked away together; and Mina saw it, and it made her angry. Angry that he had so little consideration for her after what she had said to him in the graveyard, and more angry because he did it in the sight of all the congregation who she knew had wondered at it, and pitied her.

Her road was the same as theirs, but she went round a longer way to the quarry, so as to avoid walking behind them. The quarry was half way home, and when she got there she sat down to rest in a thick growth of young pines, upon the summit of a breezy hill. But she was destined to find no mental repose that day, for she had been there but a

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

The TRIBUNE of yesterday has an editorial article in praise of a new joint stock concern which has just been organized in this State under the name of "The Merchant's Union Express Company." But what need is there of any such company? Individual organizations of the kind are much more effective, and are sure to do their work cheaper and better. A corporation, with expensive offices, an expensive board of directors, the usual horde of supernumeraries, and no end of "red tape," may do very well for some kinds of business, but for the innumerable details of the express business its cumbersome machinery would be worse than useless. So, at least, it strikes us. Still, there are a great many people who stand in need of fat offices, and any new corporation will be of service to *them* if not to the public. In fact, if we were a little more benevolent, we are not sure but we should have the SATURDAY PRESS incorporated.

The following is from the last issue of the New York CITIZEN:—

"Judge Charles P. Daly had the honor and happiness of entertaining General Grant on last Sunday at his house. The chair in which the General sat is already under a glass case, and will be presented to the trophy-room of the National Museum whenever that institution shall be started."

Why won't the CITIZEN inform us, now, what is to be done with the spittoon which the General made use of?

Two young English noblemen—the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Belfer—are on a visit to Hayti and have been presented to President Geffrard. They will shortly visit this country, when a similar present will be made to Presideht Johnson. The smallest favors thankfully received.

A paragraph misprinted in the last number of the PRESS should have read thus: If it doesn't expose us to the charge of partisanship again, we beg to suggest that, because Thad. Stevens happens to have "lost his head," it by no means follows that President Johnson should lose his.

Mr. George Moore read a paper before the New York Historical Society the other evening on "North American Rock Writing etc." We are curious to know if he explained the mysterious signification of "S. T.—1860—X.

As a proof of the intelligence of the people of Nevada it is stated that of thirty nine persons in the State Prison (mostly Indians) all were able to read and write and most of them to play draw-poker.

An item is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Mr. Greeley intends finishing "The American Conflict" this season; but pray what would become of Congress if he should succeed?

Our correspondents are respectfully requested to send us more legible manuscript. It may be unChristian, but we must, at least, insist upon an i for an i.

A correspondent writes to know if the cattle plague now raging in England originated in Ox-ford. We believe not, but are pretty sure it originated in Cowes.

Ex-president Buchanan is said to spend most of his time telling stories about the grandeur of his administration; the "old public functionary" is evidently in his anecdotage.

An exchange says that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the English game laws. The clause applying to them reads: "Netting the hare shall be punished by fine," etc.

Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" is on exhibition in Washington. The people there like it because of its "magnificent distances."

A friend in Albany describes the State legislature assembled there as "Faro's Host." What can he mean?

It is by no means certain that all men are liars, but it is a melancholy fact that nearly all men lie abed.

It is said that Church is painting a companion picture to his "Heart of the Andes," to be called "The Head of the Mississippi."

We were told, the other day, of a courteous wag who, in the excess of his politeness, never swallowed an oyster without saying, "Good bye, valve."

In a stock report of the EXPRESS we read, a few nights since, "Governments are a fraction better." Which governments?

Wanted—several men in Washington of "cabinet size."

An Eastern editor thinks that the favorite game with us jealous New Yorkers is "Boston:" he is half right.

The Rinderpest is pretty bad, but who that has to listen to our street-organs will compare it to the Grinderpest?

It is a curious fact about our city barbers that they appear to be master of all tongues except their own.

The Washington REPUBLICAN says that its fondness for oysters at this season amounts to a few raw.

Nobody is ever willing to admit that he has been "caught napping," unless he happens to be a hatter.

BAD NEWS.—Ben Wood's Daily.

There's many a sip between the cup and lip.

LITERARY MATTERS.

— It is seriously proposed, by a simple-minded gentleman in Liverpool (Mr. Henry Yates Thompson) to establish a new professorship in Cambridge, England, for the purpose of giving the students there some knowledge of American geography and American history. The idea is a good one, and strikes us none the less pleasantly from its quiet and evidently unconscious satire.

— The PETERSBURG (Va) INDEX has the following good-natured hit at the Yankees:

Our private opinion and belief is that there are authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or they will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill Monument marks the site of Babylon the Mighty, that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland, Ostrium, Nahant and Boston, in fact, Athens; that Homer was Professor of Belles Lettres at Harvard, and Patinorus a member of the Cambridge Yacht Club; that Priscian taught a grammar school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry in Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Matthew a collector of the internal revenue at Stonington; that Phidias owned a brownstone quarry in Maine, and Socrates founded the Atlantic Monthly; that the Academia was the walk under the yew trees at New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is left of the Tower of Babel, and the Connecticut River ran through Paradise; that Stonington is the sight of Tyre, and Merrimac fast colors the dies that made that city famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall, and that Herodotus and Wendell Phillips were the same persons; that the fable of Romulus and his brother being suckled by a wolf (*lupus*) arose from the circumstance that their mother was the first Vermonter who *looped* her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben Butler's family, and that like everything else in New England, the family had gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shines six hours per diem more on that favored spot than on any other between the poles; that Noah's family were so much elated at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate that fact; that St. Patrick was Head-Centre of a Fenian circle in Bangor, and St. Andrew kept a distillery in Lowell; and finally that the millenium will begin in Boston, and will not be allowed to extend beyond its limits except by a two-third vote of the tax payers of that heavenly city, excluding all who have at any time in their most secret thoughts expressed a doubt of the propriety of hanging Jeff. Davis and Gen. Lee on a sour apple tree.

—"Town and Country," the new magazine about to be published by Messrs. Bunce & Huntington of this city, is not to be a monthly, as we carelessly stated last week, but a semi-monthly.

— The following item about the author of "A Night in a Work House," is from the London correspondent of the TRIBUNE, under date of Feb. 24:

James Greenwood, the famous amateur "Casual" of THE PALL MALL GAZETTE, has been engaged to supply a series of descriptive sketches of remarkable scenes, people and places in this metropolis, from his personal observation and experiences, in the EVENING STAR, and is so advertised, extensively, on the dead walls of London. His initial article, "A Visit to Tiger Bay," one of the vilest of localities, appeared in Thursday's paper. Indeed, Mr. G. has decidedly succeeded in complying with the requisition of a popular cockney song, which advises you to "wire in and get your name up," and prosperity seems to have descended equally on him and the journal that contained his "Night in a Work House." THE PALL MALL GAZETTE was, as you know, like its ideal prototype in PENDENNIS, started as a Tory paper; it published a foolish, inflated prospectus, "went in" generally for what London Bohemians call "two-penny blood and culture," found Conservatism wouldn't pay, threw it over summarily, and is now an exceedingly live, clever, audacious sheet, printed in Queen Anne type, and with occasional snobbishness, affords a racy evening chronicle and digest of all that's doing. Since the "Casual's" hit, its circulation has gone up prodigiously. And they are still playing "A Night in a Work House" at two of the theatres, at one of which, old "Daddy" is hailed vociferously by the gallery. Probably some of its frequenters knew him in his former professional capacity.

— "The Fortune Seeker," the last novel of Mrs. Southworth (we forget the alphabetical arrangement of her initials) will be published to-day by Peterson, Philadelphia.

— Miss Braddon is about to turn editress and take charge of a new Magazine: not a bad name for it would be THE POWDER MAGAZINE, although a wag at our elbow suggests THE BOMBAZINE.

— Charles Kingsley is preparing a History of England for the b'hoys.

— M. Victor Hugo writes to a French paper to say that he has read statements that he is blind and can neither read nor write, and wishes to contradict them.

— Messrs. Bunce & Huntington will publish, in course of the season, an elegant little work on Central Park, with illustrations by A. F. Bellows.

— Messrs. Hurd and Houghton have unearthed a collection of fugitive poems originally written for the New York MIRROR by Miss Elizabeth Bogart, of this city, and published them in a neat little volume under the title of "Driftings from the Stream of Life."

— Tennyson is hard at work on a new poem: at the last accounts, he had just completed an additional line.

— The most attractive children's book which we have seen for this long time comes to us this week from Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, in the form of an elegant little volume entitled "Stories told to a Child, by Jean Ingelow."

— If you want a treat, read the story on the first page of this week's PRESS entitled "Is she a Heroine?"

— Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, the most brilliant member of the WORLD'S editorial corps, is now in Mexico doing a little diplomacy on his own hook. If he can only get President Johnson to recognize Maximilian, he will be sure of a title at least.

— Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have made arrangements to receive advance-sheets of the leading English magazines from which they will now be able to crib for their EVERY SATURDAY in time to get the start even of the SATURDAY PRESS.

— Horace Greeley on taking the chair as President of the American Institute, [see his address on another page] called attention to the general prevalence of irrigation in the neighborhood of the Pol Mr. Greeley will excuse us, by the way, for having corrected his quotation from Walter Scott so as to make it read according to the author.

— George Lunt, a well-known Boston poet, has written a work entitled "The origin of the late War. Traced from the beginning of the constitution to the revolt of the southern states." It is published to-day by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. We have no doubt that it is a highly imaginative production.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

If I had wished to spend "a night in a poor-house" this week, Mr. Editor, I certainly should not have gone to either of our theatres, for they are all having very good houses.

One of them, to be sure—Miss Rushton's—is "going to the bad" pretty rapidly; but it hasn't far to go, and a certain class of people flock there regularly so as to be in at the death.

I doubt, however, if its singular career will terminate even with "Giralda."

At Wallack's, the benefit season has set in, and accordingly the tide in that direction is fuller than ever.

The last beneficiary was Miss Henriques who had her turn on Thursday evening, playing the part of Hester Grazebrook in Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match."

How crowded the house was you can imagine.

I only had a chance to put my foot in it—having applied a week too late to get even a camp-stool—but it was worth something to have a peep at the audience, and be present at the magnificent reception.

I must go and see the performance some other time when the play is repeated: meanwhile let me say, speaking generally, that Miss Henriques has fairly won her place in public esteem, and that the tribute paid to her the other night by the élite of the city was as creditable to the audience as to herself.

There was another fine demonstration at Wallack's on Tuesday night, when Mr. Frederick Robinson took his benefit in Douglass Jerrold's drama (a very timely one, just now) of "The Rent Day."

The landlords present must have enjoyed the piece hugely—apropos of which, the best joke I have heard this week is that of a tenant who said it was a matter of indifference to him whether his landlord "raised his rent" or not, as he himself hadn't been able to raise it this six months.

However, this has nothing to do with Mr. Robinson, who made money enough on Tuesday (and deservedly) to enable him to "raise his rent"—every quarter of it—for a year to come.

The next Wallack-benefit will be that of Miss Fanny Morant which is announced for Monday next, the bill to consist of Buckstone's "Married Life" and an amusing trifle called "The Eton Boy."

I respectfully bespeak for Miss Morant, as one of the best members of the best company in the land, an overflowing house, and all the honors which the occasion so emphatically suggests.

But, as I intimated at the start, overflowing houses are now the rule all over town.

The Winter Garden is crowded with the admirers of Edwin Booth, whose "Richelieu" is still in high vogue—not to speak of his "Hamlet," which he gave again on Wednesday as a Matinée, to a perfect galaxy of fashion and beauty: Niblo's can hardly contain itself at the success of Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon the Cricket": The Broadway finds John Owens quite as great a success (and no wonder) in "The Victims" and "Forty Winks" as in "Solon Shingle": the Olympic can hardly find house-room for the admirers of Mrs. Wood's Cinderella: and so on.

I have not been to Wood's Theatre during the week; but as "The Child-Stealer," which has been on the boards there for the last fortnight, is to be withdrawn next Monday to make room for "East Lynne," I infer that, notwithstanding Miss Western's powerful acting in the piece, the public, for some reason or other, don't "see it," and the management has resolved, therefore, to give them something that they *do* see.

I insist, nevertheless, that "The Child Stealer" is a very effective drama, and believe I should have the same opinion, despite what some of the critics say, even if I were the "father of a family."

In fact, if I were the Manager, before withdrawing a piece having such elements of success in it that the original version ran over three hundred nights in Paris, I should think at least twice.

The greatest theatrical successes I have ever known commenced after the third week.

However, it appears that, so far as Wood's Theatre is concerned, the piece is irrevocably doomed (not to use the other word), and if I happen to think there are extraneous reasons why it didn't draw, why that is my affair, and I rather think the result will show that I am not far from right. *Nous le verrons.*

But, bless me! I am getting to be serious: let's change the subject, and speak of—well, in the absence of any other, of "The Octochirophonic Club."

I know nothing about the institution, to be sure, but its programme is before me, by which I learn that it is a musical concern, in its fifth season, and that an Octochirophonic performance was given by it somewhere (Laf. Harrison may tell you where) last Monday evening, the principal feature of which was a "Sinfonia Fantastica," described in the bills as "a tone-picture exemplifying in the most oleaginous manner the periphrastic exotericies of æschetic art, which may be hypothecated to foreshadow (as it were) the Life of a Youthful Artist (in hair) let us say, Thrixotomist, in this modern ninnevy, yclept Gotham."

Further details of this remarkable "tone-picture" are given as follows:

1. ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.—Observe the lucid genius of the Composer in the haporthofallsorts of whirligistic sound-concourse nubering in the introduction of the Youth to 444 (bar 28), Barnum's Museum, Pfaff's, and other subterranean delights—he is mad, he beholds her—the lov'd one—aha! bonm!

2. MENUETTO.—He rents a shop, he speculateth wildly in Kendall's Amboline, he earneth greenbacks—and at a hop!—again beholds her!!

3. ADAGIO LAMENTABILE.—A tremolando discloses his feelings at seeing her share pork sausage with that hated Clubb; he sighs, he raves; a cordilleristic volcanoism of cotopaistic lava courses wildly through his red-hot œsophagus—in vain the lachrymatory cuckoo appeals to his errant heart with strains of home—he cries! he sighs! he dies!

4. RONDO.—O no, he don't, he comes to life again à la Bombastes Furioso; and finds, translated to that happier sky, his faithful dog don't bear him company.

We are further told that the pianos used by the Octochirophonic Club are "the extra double magnifying perpendicular rhomboidal giraffe scale," *not* from a certain well known establishment; and that the Club "does not advertise in the New York HERALD."

All which, and anything else about the concern, I can readily believe: only the next time they give a concert, may I be there, especially if the exercises of the evening are to conclude, as in the last instance, with "a short series of dissolving views, photographic and otherwise—the concluding view being of The Kingdom of Turkey, the Land of Ham, and Ale Columbia!"

And now, my dear PRESS, if I could only write in the genuine Octochirophonic style (which I don't believe A. Ward himself could) I would wind up my Feuilleton with a criticism on this week's performances at the Academy of Music, and a display of technical and pyrotechnical brilliancy such as you can hardly find even in the musical column of the TRIBUNE.

Meanwhile, being utterly unequal to this task, I say nothing on the subject, and reminding you that "La Favorita" is to be given to-day at a one o'clock Matinée, (your last chance of seeing Senorita Poch) will sign myself, without further ado

Yours,

To the end of the "New Issue,"

Figaro.

P.S.— The Fourth Philharmonic Concert of the season will be given at the Academy this evening, with an orchestra of eighty performers. The principal vocalist of the occasion will be Senorita Poch: pianist, Mr. Richard Hoffman. Among the orchestral pieces on the programme are "Schuman's Symphony No. 3" and the Introduction to "Tristan and Isolde" (Wagner). There will be a Philharmonic Rehearsal at the Academy commencing at 10 this morning.

— Charles Fradel, an excellent musician and a capital fellow, is to give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert at Irving Hall next Friday evening *for his own benefit.* It is quite time: and the musical public, which he has always been ready to serve, should see to it that he has a good house.

— At next Wednesday's Matinée at the Winter Garden Mr. Booth will appear in "Ruy Blas."

The following letter, taken from a late number of the London ATHENÆUM, tells its own story:

STOP THIEF!

WALLACK'S THEATRE, New York, Jan. 17th, 1866.

My name is somewhat freely used by Mr. Watts Philips, in a letter to you regarding his play of "Lost in London." That letter has just been republished here, and I hope you will allow me space in your columns for explanation of my share in the production of the drama.

Mr. John Sefton, a performer in my theatre, went to England in May last, and, on his return, brought me several plays, from which I selected two or three for representation. One of these was "Lost in London." Mr. Sefton informed me that he had complete right over the piece, as it was presented to him by his friend Mr. Webster, of the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi. Upon this I produced the play, and paid Mr. Sefton so much per night during its "run." About two weeks ago (when "Lost in London" had been acted twenty nights), I received a letter from Mr. Webster, requesting me not to produce it, or, if I *had* done so, immediately to withdraw it. I wrote to Mr. Webster in reply, informing him how I came into possession of the play, and stating my regret if its production had caused him or Mr. Philips any injury.

Of the version—or copy—stolen, as Mr. Philips asserts, some years ago, and produced in New York, at Miss Keene's theatre, I know nothing except that it was produced under the title of "Jessie Maclean."

Mr. Sefton's copy he brought with him direct from Mr. Webster. Had I supposed for one moment that I was obtaining it without the full sanction of those having a right over it, I would not have produced it; for I can assure Mr. Philips, with every respect for

his talent, that the most attractive play he or any author could write, would not requite me for the loss of my reputation for fair dealing.

I have paid, and am willing to pay, fair terms to any author of celebrity (English or American) whose plays will suit my company and my theatre, if he thinks proper to intrust me with them, as I am anxious to do all in my power to prevent the "rascality" of which Mr. Philips complains.

How his drama came here, and by what authority it was disposed of to me, can only be clearly explained by Mr. Sefton or Mr. Webster.

I enclose the copy of a letter which Mr. Sefton has written to me on the subject, and which I have published in New York. Apologizing for taking so much of your valuable space, I am, &c.,

LESTER WALLACK, Proprietor and Manager of Wallack's Theatre, New York.

Jan. 15th, 1866.

DEAR SIR:—In London, in July last, my friend Mr. Webster gave me a copy of "Lost in London," and subsequently two other plays. Hoping I would make money out of all of them, I submitted them for your approval. You accepted them; have acted "Lost in London," and have paid me for each night's performance. I am, dear sir, yours respectfully, JOHN SEFTON.

To John Lester Wallack, Esq.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PRESS:

Among the private galleries of pictures to be seen in Paris, one of the most valuable, and at the same time most inaccessible, is known among amateurs by the name of *La Galerie de Fragonard*, and belongs to a Monsieur W——. I happened some days ago to be introduced to this gentleman, and by special favor I gained admittance into the sanctuary. The essential peculiarity of this collection, as the name suggests, is that it consists almost exclusively of pictures and drawings by Fragonard; and the extraordinary versatility of this master renders the gallery as varied as if it were composed of pictures belonging to different masters, and even to different schools. I am not aware that any other great painter could stand a test of this kind. Rubens was, no doubt, a master whose genius was richer and more fertile. His paintings are innumerable, and when you consider how many are to be seen in the Louvre and in the galleries of Belgium and Germany, you fail to understand how the life-time of one man could be sufficient for such a work—especially when you reflect that he was never much confined to his studio, but used to live, as it were, in public, being an ambassador, attending all the court festivals of his time, and leading a pretty gay life. Nevertheless, if all the pictures of Rubens were to be gathered in one gallery, I dare say one would find it tiresome and monotonous. How many times have I heard it said that the Louvre possessed too many of Rubens' pictures, and that when you had seen one of them, you had seen all. The fact is that the theme of this master was always the same unmitigated feast of the flesh—one continuous apotheosis to redundancy of form. His whole contribution to art is epitomised in his astounding picture in the Louvre, the famous Kermess, of which all his other pictures are but corollaries.

Such is not the case with Fragonard, and I confess that the two or three paintings and the few sketches of this master I had seen in the Louvre, gave me no idea of the powerful genius of this great French artist. There is scarcely a style which h. did not study, and in which he has not excellede Some of his landscapes are wild, gloomy, silent, and as terrible as those of Salvator Rosa. No living being is represented in them, but you feel as if a crime had been recently committed there. Others, however, are serene and placid, full of clearness and light; and the painter occasionally finds on his pallet some of those magnificent colors with which Claude Lorraine liked to gild the sea in his famous sunset pictures. In portrait painting he is sometimes as delicate and *mignard* as Watteau; though he was greatly superior to this painter owing to his perfect knowledge of human anatomy, which Watteau always ignored. He has the calmness and simplicity of Greuze, with a much stronger color. At times he presents to you a face, drawn and shaded in the harsh and bold manner of Rembrandt, yet with the tints harmoniously blended.

As you may judge, I did not propose giving you any idea of such a gallery, as a volume would be required for that purpose; but I advise those of your countrymen who are interested in art-matters, and who are coming to Paris to the Great Exhibition, to endeavor to gain access to the Fragonard gallery. They will see there, among other things, an original clay bust of Washington, by Houdon, the celebrated French sculptor. You know that Houdon made the marble statue of Washington, which is now in Richmond, Va. Though this work of art was highly esteemed by connoisseurs, the artist himself was not satisfied with it, and correcting his own work, he made another bust of Washington, which is the one I refer to, and which is generally looked upon as being greatly superior to the first one. It is as great as it is simple, which I hold to be the triumph of art. The placidity and serenity of expression in particular, are something quite wonderful. The criticism I would make on the painters of Washington—and especially on Stuart, whose picture I remember to have seen in the Boston Athenæum—is that the effort to idealize the face is too glaring. They try to make their hero majestic and sublime, and succeed only in investing him with an arrogancy and an imperiousness which in no way belonged to the man. Such a criticism I would not make on your well-known engraver, Mr. W. E. Marshall. In the remarkable engraving of Washington which he has made after Stuart, he has carefully avoided this defect. His Washington is full of dignity, but does not look too much above humanity. There must be a certain correspondence between a piece of art, and the public for whom it is destined; otherwise it fails to produce the effect which is the aim of art—that is to say, to create a community of feeling between the artist and the public. In giving us a Washington less divine but more human, Mr. Marshall has shown that he fully understands this principle. His engraving was on view here at the last Exhibition, and attracted much attention. The execution of the work particularly received, and deserved, great praise. Had Mr. Marshall secured that patronage which is necessary here in order to accomplish anything, he would doubtless have received the first medal, for his engraving was proclaimed by the whole art-press to be the best exhibited. I understand that he is now in New York engraving a portrait of the late President Lincoln, and that he has made an arrangement with a publisher here, to have his work appear in France. A painting by Mr. Marshall, which I saw at the same exhibition, was also much admired, and I hope that at the world's exhibition of next year I shall see his name again.

In the musical world we have had this week two first representations: "Fior d'Aliza" at the Opéra Comique, and "Barbe Bleue" at the Varieties. I thought that they would play the first during the entr' actes of the second, and that I should thus be enabled to give you an account of both. But it did not happen so, and as I saw only half of each, I find it utterly impossible to speak of anything but the audience.

At the Varieties, where I heard the two first acts of "Barbe Bleue," I saw the Austrian minister, (the prince of Metternich) with his wife, Mme. de Persigny, and a number of ladies of the aristocracy of the day—to whom, by the way, I much prefer the aristocracy of old France, though I have no fancy for either. The latter, however, has a great advantage over the former. In the first place, it is dead: but when it existed it was noted for its cultivation of the arts, of the sciences, and of letters. The modern aristocracy, on the contrary, represents only ignorance and stupidity. Its pleasures are vulgar and despicable. If the ladies of this class want a recreation, they go to the Varieties to see "La Barbe Bleue," and seem delighted with it. The libretto is perfectly absurd, the music is barren, but yet the whole thing is on a level with the intelligence and taste of this portion of the public

As it is the fashion to follow the example of our pseudo-aristocracy, I have no doubt that "Barbe Bleu" will be as successful as "Orphée aux Enfers," by the same master.

From the Varieties I went to the Opéra Comique, where I heard the two last acts of "Fior d'Aliza." This flower seemed to me rather drooping. But I will not pass judgment on it now. The opera is generally pronounced to be a success. I remarked some rather long passages in the two acts that I heard; yet I must say at the same time that I noticed several striking morceaux, as might have been expected from the young author of "Les Noces de Jeannette," "Les Saisons," "La Reine Topaze," etc. —Victor Massé. Lamartine, from whose novel the opera is taken, attended the first representation with a beau iful but fantastically dressed Oriental lady.

Léopold de Mayer, the celebrated pianist, has just arrived here from Turkey, and has already given several concerts. He is quite an eccentric. He relates that, as he was once performing before his Highness the Sultan, this sovereign, who is never accustomed to hear music without dancing, stopped him after some minutes and said: "That will do; let the musicians now dance!" Another story which he likes to tell is that the Emperor of Austria (the father of the present one) before whom he was playing said to him once in a very serious manner: "I have heard Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg and many others, but I have never seen anybody perspire so much as you; you are wonderful." The fact is that his style is nervous and feverish in the extreme. He moves his legs as much as his arms in playing. Our artist Dantan, who has just finished a splendid bust of Verdi, has made a very good caricature of de Mayer, which is not so exaggerated as one might think before seeing the pianist.

The papers describe a very curious interview between de Mayer and our celebrated writer Théophile Gauthier, who holds both music and musicians in abomination. De Mayer who knew this, made up his mind that he would begin by settling the question. So as soon as Gauthier entered his room, he went to the piano and performed an exceedingly intricate piece. "This," said he, "is one of the most difficult things that can be done in piano playing. I execute it better than Thalberg. This other one Prudent does better than I. Ravina and I do this third one equally well, and Schuloff cannot accomplish this other so well as I do. But here is something I do better than any of them." And saying this, he performed a somersault with the most remarkable agility. They then shook hands and never again spoke of music.

M. Emile Augier intending to give another comedy to the Théatre Français for the winter of 1867, has taken his last comedy *Le Baron d'Estrigault*, from this theatre, and given it to the Odéon where it is to be played on the 6th of March.

Gustave Doré is now preparing a series of illustrations for the fables of Lafontaine, destined for the gift season of 1867. He is frequently to be seen in the *Jardin des Plantes* studying the various attitudes and habits of the animals there.

It is said that the director of the Opera will use the privilege conferred upon him by the government monopoly, and will not allow any theatre to give Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. This is what is understood here by the liberty of the stage, about which such a fuss was made a year ago.

The works in the Champ de Mars for the Exhibition palace and park are making very rapid progress. The labors of the workmen go on day and night, guided, after sunset, by electric lights. A new suggestion has been lately made and at once decided on. It is to construct an irrigating canal through the Champ de Mars, the effect of which will be to insure during the height of summer the requisite degree of moisture to the light sandy soil. The government intends to make this canal a permanent work. The commission appointed by the Emperor to superintend the affairs of the Exhibition is very busy, as you may suppose. The affluence of foreigners is expected to be enormous, and the Exhibition the most brilliant ever seen.

Alexander Dumas, sen., has just completed a new play entitled "Gabriel Lambert," which is to be produced at the Gaieté.

Clesinger is before the public again with a new piece of sculpture entitled "A Monument to Universal Peace."

In the newspaper world, the principal topic is the withdrawal of Emile de Girardin from the editorship of LA PRESSE. The paper had received two official "warnings" lately for expressing political opinions which the government considered heterodox, so the share-holders in the paper got alarmed and the veteran editor, sooner than quarrel with them, or modify his views, sent in his resignation.

The last number of the ILLUSTRATION contains a fine portrait of Jules Janin, our great dramatic feuilletonist: he appears as old as your "Figaro" did when I saw him in Paris and nearly as good-looking.

Paris, Feb. 21, 1866. EGO.

By arrangement with the Trustees of the Cooper Union, Prof. Blot will give four free lectures on Cooking, with practical illustrations, in the great hall of the Institute, on the evenings of March 10, 17, 24 and 31. Admission will be by tickets, which can be obtained at the Institute.

A London paper gets off the following: "Ha!" exclaimed Mr. John Thomas, standing with his coat-tails drawn forward and his back to the kitchen fire, "I've heer'd a good deal about the cattle complaint, but am 'appy to say it aven't yet attacked my calves."

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
ITALIAN OPERA. SEASON OF 1866.
MAX MARETZEK.....DIRECTOR

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.

On MONDAY EVENING, March 12th.
[TWENTY-SECOND SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.]
Second night of Meyerbeer's
GRAND SPECTACULAR OPERA,
THE STAR OF THE NORTH,
(L'ETOILE DU NORD.)
which will be produced with
NEW SCENERY, NEW DRESSES, PROPERTIES,
INCREASED CHORUS, ORCHESTRA,
MILITARY BAND, BALLET, ETC.,
and a very complete cast, including,
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG,
MLLE. ENRICHETTA BOSSIO,
MLLE. FICHER. MME. REICHARDT.
SIGNOR E.ETTE,
SIGNOR ANTONNUCCI,
SIGNOR SARTI, SIGNOR BARILI,
MULLER, REICHARDT, VOELDEN,
CONDUCTOR.....SIGNOR TORRIANI.
On TUESDAY EVENING, (EXTRA NIGHT.)
BENEFIT OF MME. CAROZZI-ZUCCHI.
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT OF L'AFRICAINE.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.
FOURTH CONCERT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1866.
Grand Orchestra of Eighty Performers.
ORCHESTRAL PIECES: Schumann's Symphony No 3; Introduction to "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner, and "Euryanthe," Weber.
SOLOS: SENORITA CARMELITA POCH,
the celebrated Soprano of the Italian Opera,
(by kind permission of Max Maretzek, Esq.)
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN,
the distinguished Pianist.
Conductor:.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Tickets for sale at the principal Music Stores.
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.
PUBLIC REHEARSAL No. 12, Academy of Music, Saturday Morning, March 10, at 10 o'clock.—Tickets 50 cents each, for sale at the principal Music Stores. L. SPIER, Secretary.

IRVING HALL.—
CHARLES FRADEL'S
GRAND
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,
FRIDAY Evening, March 16,
The following eminent artists have kindly volunteered their services for this occasion:
MLLE. BOSSIO, SIG. ARDAVANI,
(From the Academy of Music, by kind permission of Mr Maretzek)
MR. F. B. MILLS, MR. E. GOLDBECK,
MR. G. W. MORGAN, MR. WM. A. KING,
MR. THEO. THOMAS, & CARL ANSCHUTZ,
Conductor.
The Programme will be of rare excellence and highly interesting.
Admission $1; Reserved Seats 50 cents extra.
Tickets can be had on Tuesday Morning at Beer & Schirmer's, Scharfenberg & Louis, Schuberth & Co.'s, Wm. A. Pond's music-stores, and Root & Anthony's, Nassau street, and office of WEEKLY REVIEW.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.—
Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald
Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The number of anonymous letters received by Mr. Wallack renders the following notice absolutely necessary: From this forward, letters duly signed, will be promptly and respectfully attended and replied to; but those without signatures will be invariably destroyed unread.

SATURDAY,
The original and very successful Comedy, in three acts, entitled
SOCIETY.
in which will appear
Messrs. Frederic Robinson, Charles Fisher, Mark Smith, Holston, Geo Holland, Norton, Williamson, Browne, Graham, Pope, Ward, Cashin, Miss Madeline Henriques, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Emma Le Brun, Mrs. Timoney, Miss Kate Barrett and Miss Scott.

MONDAY.
BENEFIT OF
MISS FANNY MORANT,
First time this season, Buckstone's celebrated Comedy.
MARRIED LIFE,
With—second time here—the ETON BOY.
In preparation,
KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

WINTER GARDEN.
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald
EVERY EVENING,
(Except Wednesday)
MR. EDWIN BOOTH,
AS
RICHELIEU,
in Sir Bulwer Lytton's play of that title, presented in all its
UNEQUALLED SPLENDOR
SCENERY,
COSTUMES,
AND CAST.
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, March 14,
A DOUBLE ATTRACTION,
GRAND BOOTH MATINEE.
MR. EDWIN BOOTH
AS
RUY BLAS.
and PETRUCHIO,
in Shakspeare's most delightful play of
KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.
MRS W. WINTER AS KATHERINE.
First appearance at this theatre.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
☞ This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald
Curtain rises quarter to 8.
THIRD WEEK
of the charming young comedienne,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
Whose singularly beautiful personation of the original character of
LITTLE CRICKET,
In Waldauer's five-act Play entitled
FANCHON,
Continues to
WIN THE PLAUDITS OF CROWDED AND ENRAPTURED AUDIENCES,
But which must positively be withdrawn on
SATURDAY Next, March 10,
To give place to other attractions in the repertoire of Miss Mitchell.
MONDAY next,
MISS MITCHELL
Will appear as MARIE, in the beautiful domestic Drama of the
PEARL OF SAVOY,
OR, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.
Admission, 75 cents. Reserved seats, $1. Orchestra Chairs, $1.50. Seats in Dress Circle Private Boxes, $7.50. Family Circle (entrance on Crosby street), 50 cents.
Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN
This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS which has attended the presentation of the Extravagant Burlesque Extravaganza, entitled
CINDERELLA
E LA COMARE,
with
MRS. JOHN WOOD
as Cinderella, the Baron's youngest daughter,
MR. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE
as Clorinda, the Baron's eldest daughter,
It will be repeated
EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Previous to which the Petite Comedy, in two acts,
USED UP.
Sir Charles Coldstream.....Mr. George Fawcett Rowe
MONDAY Evening, March 12th,
First time at this theatre,
DOING FOR THE BEST,
After which the Burlesque of
CINDERELLA E LA COMARE.
Doors open at 7½. Curtain rises at 7¾.
SEATS SECURED THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets,
THIS ESTABLISHMENT DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE NEW YORK HERALD
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
CROWDED AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7½.
MOSES, or, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, COSTUMES AND APPOINTMENTS.
MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.
SCRIPTURAL TABLEAUX.
CROSSING THE RED SEA.
DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH
AND HIS HOSTS.
TRIUMPH OF ISRAEL.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
GREAT LIVING CURIOSITIES.
GIANT AND GIANTESS—THREE DWARFS
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.—GLASS BLOWERS.
Albino Boy, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 50 cents: children under ten, 15 cents.

BRADY'S GALLERY.
OPEN DAY AND EVENING for One Week.
No. 785 Broadway, cor. 10th Street.
FREE TO THE PUBLIC.
GRAND EXHIBITION of an entirely new and attractive collection of WAR VIEWS and PORTRAITS OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN.
This collection comprises more than 2000 pictures, several hundred specimen copies of which have just been placed on exhibition as above.

A SOUVENIR.

I sent my love a song one day,
  In which I sought in vain t'express
My sense of her unmatched desert,
  And, more, of my unworthiness;
But ah! so meanly of herself,
  Though not of me, the maiden thought,
She saw no fitness in my lay,
  And wondered why to her 'twas brought.

She praised the beauty of the verse,
  Declared I was a poet born,
Extolled, with artist-taste and skill,
  The picture I had sweetly drawn:
But then she bade me look on her,
  Whose only charm, she said, was youth,
And asked me, with rebuking smile,
  How dared I thus outrage the truth?

Yet knowing well her modesty,
  I so had toned the picture down,
So shaded her angelic face,
  Which ne'er was darkened by a frown,
That I had feared to meet her eye,
  When once the song to her was sent,
And, when I caught her earnest gaze,
  Had shrunk, all pale and penitent.

Sweet girl! so full was she of light,
  The light of genius and of youth,
Her very atmosphere illumed
  All things with her own grace and truth;
Were evil by, she saw it not,
  For tale of ill she had no ear,
Since all to her seemed good and pure,
  Save one, of whom she would not hear.

And now no longer dare I sing
  Of her, my Love, my dearest dream,
And robbed forever is my muse,
  Of this, her one inspiring theme:
For better 'twere that all unsung
  Her praises should for aye remain,
Than that a heart so gently strung
  Be shocked by one unwelcome strain.

But yet while beauty still is sung,
  And virtue has her sweet refrain,
And love-songs warble from the tongue
  Of sighing lass or stricken swain—
So long her praises will resound,
  Though angels only lisp her name,
For none can sing of grace or worth
  Who sings not my dear maiden's fame.

FIGARO.

ADDRESS OF HORACE GREELEY,

ON TAKING THE CHAIR AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, FEB. 20, 1866.

GENTLEMEN OF THE INSTITUTE:

In returning my thanks for the honor you have conferred on me, allow me to submit to you a few suggestions relating to our association and the ends it aims, or should aim, to secure.

It is now more than thirty-four years since I, a minor and a stranger in this city, had my attention drawn to a notice in the journals that the friends of Protection to American Industry were to meet that day in Convention at the rooms of the American Institute—said Institute being then much younger than, though not so obscure as I was. I had no work, and could find none: so, feeling a deep interest in and devotion to the cause which that Convention was designed to promote, I attended its sittings; and this was my first introduction to the American Institute, which I have ever since esteemed and honored, though the cares and labors of a busy, anxious life, have not allowed me hitherto to devote to its meetings the time that I would gladly have given them.

I recur to the fact that I was drawn to the American Institute by my interest in and sympathy with the cause of Protection to Home Industry. From early boyhood, I had sat at the feet of Hezekiah Niles, and Henry Clay, and Walter Forward, and Rollin C. Mallory, and other champions of this doctrine, and I had attained from a perusal of theirs and kindred writings and speeches a most undoubting conviction that the policy they commended was eminently calculated to impel our country swiftly and surely onward through activity and prosperity to greatness and assured well-being. I had studied the question dispassionately—for the journals accessible to my boyhood were mainly those of Boston, then almost if not quite unanimously hostile to Protection; but the arguments they combated seemed to me far stronger than those they advanced, and I early became an earnest and ardent disciple of the school of Niles and Clay. I could not doubt that the policy they commended was that best calculated to lead a country of vast and undeveloped resources like ours, up from rude poverty and dependence to skilled efficiency, wealth and power. And the convictions thus formed have been matured and strengthened by the observations and experience of subsequent years. Thus was I attracted to the rooms and the counsels of the American Institute.

Gentlemen, it is objected in our day that the policy of Protection is narrow, selfish, suicidal, short-sighted, while our aims should be cosmopolitan and our philanthropy indiscriminate and universal. This cavil would make patriotism a mistake—at least, a sentiment to be outgrown. I cannot concur in it. My heart thrills to the stirring appeal:—

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land?"

I believe it is our duty to desire and struggle for the welfare, growth and greatness of our own country before and above that of others. There is a homely old ditty—British, I believe, in its origin; but, if they have no further use for its sentiment, they will doubtless make us a present of it—whereof the *refrain* runs substantially thus:

> "For she's the darling of my heart,
> *And she lives in our alley.*"

I concur in that sentiment. I like those I esteem the better if they are also my countrymen. But liking them does not impel me to hate others. I believe it wise and well to place our affections on that which is near and convenient rather than that which is remote and scarcely attainable. I judge it not well to be always reaching toward and grasping for the far-off and the inaccessible. I judge it better to improve the territory we have than to covet that of our neighbors—to enrich a farm than to expand it—to develop our own resources than to absorb those of other nations.

The policy I advocate for our own country I commend as well to others. I regret, and deem it a general misfortune, that all nations are not seeking to develop and diversify their industrial and their mineral resources by Protective legislation and by concurring individual, social and political efforts. I hold that the world would be richer and all mankind wiser and happier had every nation early and steadfastly sought to naturalize, develop and perfect all the useful arts on its own soil. Let each buy freely from abroad whatever raw material its peculiar soil, climate, topography, forbid it to produce advantageously at home; but let these be manipulated and fashioned by every nation for itself. They will thereby promote at once their own happiness and the general well-being. I hold that the world is this day at least One Billion of Dollars richer for American inventions and discoveries which owe their existence to the partial, grudging, capricious protection which Congress has accorded to our manufacturing industry.

Who can estimate the value to mankind of the yet incomplete century of American Inventions commencing with the Cotton Gin? The Reaper and Mower, the Telegraph, the Railroad, the Sewing-Machine, the Power Press—what would the world be without them? Which of them owes its origin to any country which has systematically refused or neglected to protect its own manufactures? Let Egypt and Arabia, let India and China, produce the contributions which they, during the last century, have made to human efficiency in the field of industrial production, and we will see whether our policy or its opposite most conduces to human progress and prosperity. Had the policy which looks to making ours a purely agricultural nation—to exporting its Timber, its Cotton, its Food, and importing its Wares and Fabrics—been uniformly ascendant here, we might have shown as beggarly an account of contributions to human efficiency as they do. And, had our workshops remained in Europe, we might be still plowing with a clumsy, ineffective implement, composed of wood and iron, instead of the Steel Plow of the present day.

Yet we are still at the beginning of our course. I hail the Steam Plow as a beneficent and not distant contribution of Mechanics to the progress and efficiency of Agriculture. Say, if you will, that all Steam Plows, as yet, have been failures—I will not dispute you—I only insist that they are such failures as herald and prepare for a grand, benignant success. If we have not a good Steam Plow to-day, it is high time we should have one.

Yes, we must have a practical, serviceable Steam Plow, and that soon. Do not tell me that all Steam Plows have thus far been failures: these failures are my assurance of ultimate and perfect success. They are proofs of earnest, persistent effort—such effort as must triumph at last. The farmer's urgent want to-day is a machine which will do for the preparation of the ground what the Mower, the Reaper and the Thrasher have done for the securing of the crops—a machine which will not merely save labor, but render rainy days and winter frosts effective in producing ample harvests—a machine which in effect will extend the duration of seed-time by making a week of favorable weather suffice for what has hitherto required a month. We need a propelling force that can be cleaned, oiled and laid away in Autumn, which, without having consumed or cost anything meantime, shall be ready for use the next Spring; and I shall rejoice if the action of the Institute shall conduce to and hasten its production.

I am glad that the Institute has so long and so usefully labored for the improvement of American Agriculture. Its course has been a silent rebuke to those who noisely insist that Protectionists are so devoted to the promotion of Manufactures that they forget that there are other departments of Home Industry at least as important and commendable as that. And I trust all that has been done in this field is but an earnest of what is to be.

Our Agriculture is yet rudimental—I might say semi-barbarous. Hitherto, its progress has been rather in machinery than in processes or in average results. Whoever has observantly traversed Europe must know that her average tillage is far superior to ours, and her crops larger than ours. Lombardy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Great Britain, produce far larger average crops per acre than this country does. It is established by statistics that, whereas the average Wheat crop of the British Isles is twice as large per acre as it was in 1800, the Wheat crop of so much of our country as was then under cultivation is but half as much as it was sixty years ago. New England formerly produced all the Wheat she required: now, she produces less than a tithe of her consumption, and nine-tenths of her farmers do not grow Wheat at all. The rents on the manor of Rensselaerwyck, skirting our own Hudson River, were formerly payable mainly in Wheat: now, but few of the farms grow any Wheat, and many if not most of them refuse to produce it. I know no other country that once grew Wheat luxuriantly, and now fails to produce it: and the difference must be a result of our heedless and exhausting cultivation which calls loudly for reform.

Any farm that ever produced wheat should stand ready to produce it still; and he is a poor farmer who, having produced a good crop of this staple one year, cannot produce a better crop of wheat next year. If the last crop has exhausted the land of some element or property required to perfect wheat, Science should tell us how most readily and cheaply to replace that element, and this is what we mean by Scientific Farming.

Farmers, like other men—more than most other men—need a knowledge of Nature and her unchanging laws. It is the glory of our age that such men as Liebig devote their talents and acquirements to teaching them.

London was for many years the home of an Italian named Mechi, who made and sold cheap razor strops. Having grown rich in this calling, M. Mechi removed to the country and bought or hired a large farm, where he resolved to give a fair trial to the most advanced theories of chemists and geologists who essayed to shed light on Agriculture. He has done so for some twenty years, and with signal success. His crops are the largest in all England, and his profits correspond with them. As a sample of his methods—all his abundant fertilizers, whether purchased or made on the farm, are converted into liquids and diffused over his fields by means of pumps and pipes. In this way they are not only far more effective, but they are applied just when the growing plants need either sustenance or moisture; and yet I am assured, the composting and distribution of his fertilizers costs M. Mechi but a penny per load. And this is one result, like many others, of his fidelity to the conviction that the best way of doing anything is, in the long run, the most profitable.

Whoever has journeyed through Upper Italy—the valley of the Po—must have had his attention arrested by the general prevalence of Irrigation. Most of the land you see is irrigated; and nearly all of this produces immensely. Probably, the water systematically applied to the surface more than doubles the natural crop. Who ever saw extensive and systematic irrigation on the Atlantic slope of this continent? Yet we have millions of acres far more easily irrigated than Lombardy, and whose irrigation could be quite as profitably resorted to. When will it be?

A word as to our Mineral resources. We are now producing somewhat less than $100,000,000 of gold and Silver per annum from our mines; which is more than the annual product of the whole world forty years ago—probably more than was produced in the palmiest days of South America and Mexican gold-mining. Yet, large as the amount is, it is not a beginning. That it will be trebled within the next ten years, provided our great Pacific Railroad shall meantime be completed, few will doubt who have any acquaintance with the facts. I trust the attention of the Institute will be given to this vast and growing interest—that we shall be able in some way to aid its development—and that in time the most complete and instructive cabinet of American Minerals in existence will be that of the American Institute.

I would have specimens of the precious metals from every locality; but not of these only. There should be some place where the chemist, the prospector, the mine-owner, the metallurgist, could compare critically the iron ore of Lake Champlain with that of Western Connecticut and that of Lake Superior, so as to determine wherein they agree and wherein they differ. In the first great World's Exposition of Products at London, 1851, I was not asked for specimens of California Gold; but the most eminent authority in British Geology asked me for samples of our Lake Superior Iron—then newly discovered—and I was able, on my return, to obtain and send them.

This Institute should possess and preserve a complete collection of Agricultural Implements—past as well as present—showing the progress made from age to age and from year to year. It would be instructive to compare the plows and scythes of the two last centuries with those of our fathers and with our own; the mere comparisons might suggest some of the improvements of the future.

This Institute, in addition to its annual Fairs, should maintain a perpetual Fair,—that is, a continuous exhibition of Implements, Machines, Inventions, &c. Such an exhibition would afford a place of evening resort for our mechanics and apprentices, which could not fail to prove instructive and profitable.

Need I add that the American Institute should have an edifice and home of its own—one worthy of its character and history? I should feel ashamed if some to whom I have spoken elsewhere of this Institute should come here and find it in a hired corner of a building devoted to many and various uses. Their impression of our standing and influence in New York would do us great injustice.

This Institute needs an edifice of its own, large enough to contain all that it ought to exhibit and leave room for the transaction of its business; and such a structure we shall yet have if we place the necessity for it fairly before the rich and public-spirited citizens of New York. And this I trust we are about to do.

I do not ask nor care what property the Institute now has; though I know it has some; for I am confident that more will come when we show that it is needed and will be usefully employed. Even though we should be obliged to resort to the joint stock policy, and give every one stock for his subscription, still I say the edifice must and will be had.

But let us have a building that will fitly embody and show forth the American Institute. And, to begin with, let us invite competition for a design or plan, so as to secure one before the close of this year. Then let this be submitted to our City's rich and noble men, saying, "This is what we need and must have;" and if One Million Dollars should be required, I am confident that even so much could be found; but, if not, let us build a wing of the edifice we need, and then say to men of wealth, "The completion of our Institute waits on your generosity."

Our country eminently needs the general diffusion of useful, practical knowledge—such knowledge as it is our aim to dispense. When we consider what such knowledge has already achieved—how localities like that whereon Salt Lake City now stands, which, a few years since, would not grow a peck of grain to the acre, do now, by the aid of irrigation, produces in abundance every grain and fruit of the temperate zone—when we reflect that there are hundreds of such places still lying waste and useless, and that all our National Industry is equally infantile or chaotic, we must feel that the dissemination of Useful Knowledge is among the noblest achievements of Man.

Within one hundred miles of this city, there lie hundreds of thousands of acres of deep, rich soil that have contributed very little as yet to the comfort and sustenance of Man. Sea-side marches, inland swamps and bogs, the sandy plains of New Jersey and Long Island—all or most of these may be profitably wrested from chaos and made subservient to Man's subsistence and enjoyment, by scientific and systematic effort. They now breed but pestilence and noisome insects; they will yet afford employment and sustenance to many thousands of men.

Recent events have opened the Southern States to settlement and cultivation by Free Labor. A vast, genial, naturally fertile region, proffers rare opportunities for the cultivation of the Grape, the production of silk, and many other industries hitherto confined to the Old World. Doubtless a few years will witness vast improvement in that quarter.

We are an agricultural people, yet we import immensely of the products of foreign Agriculture—of the products of climates and soils essentially like our own. We are to-day buying extensively of Europe Silks which we might produce at home for less than we give for them in Europe; Wines which we might make for half their foreign cost; while we send to China and Japan for Teas that the growers produce for a sixth, and we might for a third, of the prices we now pay for them. If we naturalize the Tea Plant only, we shall save thereby to our country many millions per annum. Let us at least resolutely attempt it.

I would like to say more of the prospective development of our Mineral Wealth. Having traversed the great mountain chains and high plains and valleys of our continent, I feel sure that their treasures of Gold and Silver exceed all estimate, all calculation. I quite understand that Gold and Silver, like Iron or Coal, must be paid for—that he who digs them from the earth pays usually quite as much as though he obtained them by farming or trade; and yet I feel that our country is richer for her mines, precisely as she is for her soil. They furnish employment for labor, and create markets for every other department of industry. As yet, I presume all the Gold and Silver dug from the Rocky Mountains have cost all they are worth; but the Pacific Railroad will reduce the cost of their production one half, while opening vast markets for the Food and Fabrics of our older States.

But I detain you too long. Let me close with the hope that, as our National resources and industry seem on the verge of vast and rapid development so the American Institute will maintain a high place among the agencies whereby that development is insured and quickened.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE JEWISH RELIGION.

Montesquieu has written, in his "ESPRIT DES LOIS," that "a religion burdened with many ceremonies attaches man to it more strongly than a religion which has but few, from a natural propensity to things in which we are continually employed," and to the many ceremonies attached to the observance of the Jewish religion may be ascribed in a great measure that steadfast adherence to the faith which so preëminently characterises the Hebrew nation.

But what is the origin of the Jewish religion, and what were the distinguishing features which separated it from the religions of the whole world? Abraham is recognized as the father and progenitor of the nation; but those peculiar rites and ceremonies which are the substantial portion of the faith were instituted by Moses, who may be regarded as the founder of the principles of the Jewish religion as now recognized.

Moses was brought up and educated as an Egyptian priest; hence the influence he possessed at the court of Pharaoh; he did not even follow the then principles of the Israelitish faith—as we find years after his marriage with Zipporah he had not initiated his first-born into the Abrahamic covenant. The religion of the Egyptians consisted of symbolical worship. In the earliest periods they had no idea of the nature of the supreme Power, but used to pay adoration to the sun and stars. The sun lights the

earth and gives warmth and nourishment to all things. Again, the Egyptians, being an agricultural nation, observed that the annual renewal of the productions of the earth and the natural features of the country were indicated by the rising and setting of certain stars: for instance, the annual overflow of the Nile was indicated by the appearance of a very beautiful star towards the source of the river, which seemed to warn them against being taken by surprise, as a dog by barking gives notice of approaching danger: hence they called this star the "Sirius," or "Dog Star." In the same manner the stars which appeared when the river began to overflow were called the "Stars of Aquarius;" stars of the "Taurus or Bull," those under which it was necessary to plow the earth with oxen; stars of the "Cancer or Crab," those which appeared when the sun, having reached the bounds of the tropic, returned backwards and sideways like a crab; stars of the "Leo or Lion," those which appeared when the lions, drawn by thirst from the desert, appeared on the banks of the Nile; stars of the "Libra or Balance." when the days and nights, being of equal length, maintain an equilibrium; stars of the "Scorpio or Scorpion," those which appeared when certain winds brought a burning vapor like the poison of the scorpion; and so on through the various signs of the Zodiac, and the various mysterious figures which identify the stars on the celestial globe. These stars were their great warners, and their "signs for seasons, for days, and years;" and as, according to the Egyptian belief, they were constantly watching over their destiny and warning them of coming events, so in process of time they were regarded as deities and worshipped. In the course of events, however, the people, who knew at what time of the year the natural features of the country would occur from experience of prior years, omitted to regulate these periods by observation of the skies, and so forgot the motive which led to the adoption of these signs. The result followed that the symbols, instead of the signs they were intended to denote, were worshipped, and invested with the attributes of the stars. They prayed to the bull for a plentiful harvest—to the scorpion not to pour out his venom upon nature. They revered the crab, the ram, the calf, and the serpent as gods, which originally only served as the symbols of the various ordinations of creation.

The religion which Moses first taught, and then different to all religions in existence, was the abolition of *all* symbolical worship, and the adoration of a Deity which constituted all things. There was only ONE such power, whose name was Jehovah, and should be worshipped without emblems.

To continually impress the Israelites with the wonders God had worked for them, Moses ordained that all the miracles which occurred during their wanderings in the desert should be perpetually celebrated throughout their generations. Fearful that they might forget the commandments which had been given them, he adopted signs to continually impress these commandments upon their recollection, and framed certain doctrines for their social and domestic regulation, that they might be kept distinct from the contamination of surrounding nations, and by these means establish themselves as a distinct people on the face of the earth. These festivals, signs, and doctrines, then, are the substance of the Jewish religion, and are particularly described in the Jewish laws.

The laws of the Jews are the written and the oral laws, corresponding with the *lex scripta* and the *lex non scripta* of the English law. The written law consists of the commandments written in the Bible given by Moses to the children of Israel, and the oral law of explanations thereof and rules of guidance ordained by Moses and taught by him to the Sanhedrim, or great senate of the nation. The oral law is contained in certain books called the "MISHNA," the "GEMARA," and the "TALMUD." The Mishna was originally delivered by tradition in short sentences and aphorisms; this was afterwards written with certain comments and expositions, which together formed the Gemara, which means "the complement," because the law is there fully explained. The Mishna is the text, the Gemara the comment. The Talmud comprises both these works, with the opinions of the various rabbis and doctors propounded and decided.

The most profound veneration is paid to the written laws of Moses. The Israelites were thus commanded in Deuteronomy: "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes; and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." This commandment is followed literally: four sections from the Pentateuch are written on parchment and enclosed in a small leather case, called the phylacteries, which are bound round the left arm by a leathern thong, and a leather case is bound round the head, similarly, for frontlets. The phylactery is placed on the left arm, near the heart, as a token that the heart and soul should be devoted to the service of the Supreme; and the phylactery for the forehead is placed just where the hair begins to grow on that part of the head which is opposite the brain, to show that the imagination and the whole of the senses which are there seated, should be devoted to the service of the Most High. The phylacteries are laid on in the morning, immediately on rising, to show that the Israelite's first thought should be of his Maker. The sections from the law are in like manner written on parchment, and rolled up in cylindrical tubes, which are nailed to the posts of every house and the door-post of every room, in obedience to the commandment before referred to, in order that the Israelite might never enter a room without being reminded by these tubes of his duty to God and to man. Again, as another guarantee that the commandments should not be forgotten, the children of Israel are commanded to wear fringes on the borders of their garments (*Numbers*, xv. 37—40.) This garment is in the shape of two square breast-cloths, joined together by two straps, one being placed as a cover on the breast, the other on the back, and the fringes are hid up in the corner in a curious manner. Four worsted threads are drawn through an eyelet-hole, and a double knot made; one of the threads is then knotted round the other seven times, and then another double knot is made; the same thread is then wound nine times round the others, then eleven times, and then thirteen times, between which respectively, there are double knots made in the same manner as the previous one. This fringe is symbolical: the five double knots are in remembrance of the five books of Moses; the ten single knots, in remembrance of the ten commandments; the seven knotted twists, that the Sabbath should be kept on the seventh day; the nine twists, as a memorial of the nine months of pregnancy; the eleven twists, in recollection of the eleven stars which reverenced Joseph in his dream; the thirteen knots, in remembrance of thirteen attributes of compassion in the Almighty enumerated by the sages, called the "Sholosh Essry Middoth;" the seven, nine, eleven, and thirteen knots together represent the forty days that Moses was on the mount to receive the ten commandments. There are knots made at the end of each thread to keep them from untwisting, lest thereby the whole of the numerical types might be unravelled. Thus, whether at home or abroad, the Jew is continually reminded of the precepts of his religion, that if in an unguarded moment he should be tempted to commit any evil he may look on the fringes of his garments, and recollect the commandments he is bound to obey.

The Jew is very particular to abstain from partaking of those foods which are enumerated in the Pentateuch as unclean. The method of killing cattle is peculiar, and is only performed by persons who have undergone an examination before the chief rabbi, and received a licence or certificate of due qualification. The ox or other quadruped is secured, and the windpipe cut through with a very sharp-edged long knife; no kind of pressure of the knife on the throat is allowed more than what is necessary. The upper end of the knife is first put to the throat, it is then pushed over to the lower part of the blade, the knife is then drawn back again and then forwards; no stoppage must occur during the operation; and if there appears to have been the slightest notch in the edge of the knife, the flesh of the beast cannot be eaten.

These ceremonies appear to the uninitiated very unnecessary and probably ridiculous, but like many others are capable of explanation founded on good sense. The Israelites are continually forbidden to eat the blood of an animal, "for in the blood is the life." If the beast were struck on the head, the blood, instead of flowing out, would stagnate in the veins, and could never be entirely drawn out. There is no method of killing which so totally removes the blood from the meat. If a notch were in the blade of the knife, the cut would not be clean; the notch would cause a *thrill* to pass through the beast, and consequently repel the blood again through the veins; and in fear that the blood might not be entirely drawn out, the flesh is forbidden.

Matrimonial unions are effected by the introduction of mutual friends. A Jew is only allowed to intermarry with one of his own religion; and in case he may be unacquainted with any Jewish lady suitable to his taste, he mentions his desire for marriage to some friend, who institutes inquiries on his behalf for a suitable connection, and procures both parties an introduction to each other, generally through the medium of a mutual acquaintance. The courtship ordinarily lasts but a few months. On the day appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, the bride and bridegroom are conducted to the place appointed for the ceremony, where they are stationed under a canopy supported by long poles. The bride and bridegroom both drink out of a glass of wine, over which a sanctification has been pronounced by the priest; and the bridegroom, putting a ring on the bride's finger, repeats: "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel." Some blessings are then said, and the bride and bridegroom again drink of the wine, after which the empty wine-glass is laid on the ground, and the bridegroom stamps on and breaks it. Various reasons have been assigned for this ceremony, one of which is to remind the married couple that they are only like brittle ware made of earth, glossy without and rough within; but a more likely interpretation is to remind them of death, to whose power frail mortals must yield, sooner or later. The ceremony being over, all present cry out "Mozel Touv," that is "May it turn out happily."

Thus we see that all the previous *ceremonies* are merely symbolical, whilst the great feature of Judaism consists in the total absence of all symbolical *worship*.

When an Israelite is dying, the last prayer he utters is the grand protestation of his faith that there is but *one* God. A person is always left to watch the corpse from the time of death to the day of interment, to guard it from all sorts of vermin, because that godly likeness, which was given to man at his creation, disappears after his dissolution; and for that reason no vermin fear men after their death. When a near relative dies, the members of his immediate family rend their garments about a hand's breadth, and the rent is not sewn up again. They also sit on the ground, and mourn for seven days; and for the space of thirty days from the time of the death, the male relatives do not shave. The term of thirty days is taken from *Deuteronomy* xxxiv. 8.

The Jewish sages, in order to prevent the infringement or violation of any laws, have established a fence round them, by which anything which might possibly lead to the infringement of the law is itself interdicted. For example, the Jews are forbidden to *kindle* a fire on the Sabbath-day; as a fence they are forbidden by the sages to *touch* the fire when kindled, or to lift a candlestick with a lighted candle in it, or even to *blow out* a candle, or extinguish a fire when kindled. The reason of the commandment to the Israelites not to kindle a fire on the Sabbath-day, has been explained in this way: When the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness, the only method they had of kindling a fire was by rubbing two pieces of wood together until a flame was produced. This was a work requiring great exertion, and on account of being a labor, was forbidden on the Sabbath. But the sages forbid any such liberal construction, and follow the commandments literally, so that on account of the prohibition to light a fire, on the Sabbath, no Jew smokes a cigar or pipe on that day. Some of the very strict Hebrews carry their religious formalities to an excess. They believe that carrying a handkerchief loose in the pocket, or a superfluous pin in the clothes, is carrying a burden, a work that should not be done on the Sabbath-day. But if they pin the handkerchief to the pocket, or tie it round the waist like a girdle, there is then no harm, as it may be considered a part of the garments. They will not gather any fruit from a tree on the Sabbath, although for their own immediate eating. But if they can get at the fruit with their teeth, they may *bite* off as much as they wish. They will not meddle with any tool, nor write nor sign their names on the Sabbath, nor ride on horseback, nor go by water, nor play on a musical instrument, nor bathe, nor tear, nor break anything, not even a hair, for which reason a very strict Jew will not suffer his hair to be combed on the Sabbath.

In the present day, however, many of these rules are unobserved. The principles of the Jewish faith are not impressed on the rising generation with the same strictness as in former years, and many of the strict rules are looked upon with ridicule, because their meaning is not explained, or, if explained, the reasons are not satisfactory to the inquiring spirit of the day. It is within the knowledge of the writer of this article that Jewish young men have over and over again inquired the reason for observing certain religious ceremonies; but there are few who can give a satisfactory explanation, and the answer returned is, "Your father, your grandfather, and your great grandfather observed these customs, therefore you must do the same." This is no explanation suitable to an intelligent mind in the present day. It is one of the greatest tests of the philosophical mind when it thinks for itself. The result is that young men do think for themselves; and these customs appearing unintelligible, are often unobserved. Jewish youths are sent to the universities, and receive a classical education, whilst they are ignorant of the very principles of their religion; not one in a hundred ever reads the Talmud, where these customs and ceremonies are explained; and though all the prayers are recited in Hebrew, a Jewish youth who can read his Télémaque or Molière's plays at sight who can translate his Homer, and knows his Latin grammar by heart, cannot decline a Hebrew noun, or conjugate a Hebrew verb.

There have been many maxims laid down by the sages which are not universally received. Some of the ancient Jewish literature in the present day appears rather singular. In the Hagoda, or Passover service, there is a curious specimen of logic. Rabbi Jose asks, "Whence art thou authorized to assert that in Egypt the Egyptians were afflicted with ten plagues, whilst on the borders of the Red Sea they were smitten with fifty plagues?" "Because in Egypt the magicians said to Pharaoh, "This is the *finger* of God;" but at the Red Sea it says, "And Israel saw the mighty *hand* wherewith the Lord smote the Egyptians." If by the *finger* only they received ten plagues, they must of course (?) have received fifty by the hand, as it contains five fingers." (?) This argument is not quite so palpable as an axiom of Euclid. Here is a specimen of logic not to be found in Whately. The Jews think it meritorious to make three meals on the Sabbath-day, because in Exodus xvi. 25, it says, "And Moses said, Eat that *to-day*, for *to-day* is the Sabbath of the Lord; *to-day* ye shall not find it in the field." In this sentence the word *day* is mentioned three times; hence the rabbins infer it is meritorious to make three meals on the Sabbath.

Of the many beliefs which are current in the Hebrew nation, but *not credited by those in whose minds there is one spark of enlightenment*, we will select a few for illustration.

All dreams come to pass according to the interpretation that is made of them by the person to whom they are revealed; consequently, dreams should only be told to friends (what a fortune to realize as a *favorable* interpreter of dreams!) An apparition has power to become visible and to injure any particular person who may happen to be by himself in the dark. If two persons be together, an apparition may become visible but cannot hurt either, but if three persons be together, no apparition can be visible; if, however, there be one candle alight, it is a safeguard against all evil spirits. What an apparition consists of, and why it should injure any one, does not appear. Evil spirits rest on all heaps of rubbish, and, therefore, it is dangerous to tread on all such. There is also a belief in witches and their power to injure any one who flings away the tops of green turnips or carrots without untying them. Some of the Jews wear a sort of charm about them consisting of a few cabalistic words written on parchment by a rabbi. There are numerous other spiritual beliefs not taught by the religion of Moses, and evidently the result of ignorance and its natural offspring, superstition, which are generally credited amongst the Jews of Poland and Germany, but the superior education and enlightenment of the English Jew teaches him the folly of superstition. Formerly, when a man was married he used, at the marriage ceremony, to walk round his intended wife three times to see if she really were the right woman he proposed to take as a wife, because of the deceit practised on Jacob by Laban, who first married his son-in-law to his eldest daughter, Leah, under the assurance that it was his daughter Rachel; but such ceremonies are no longer in existence, the English Jew uniting with his religion a spirit of enlightenment and liberalism. The present Jewish belief is vastly different to the religion taught the Israelites by Moses; there have been many innovations through contact with the many nations amongst whom the Jews sojourned, and many of the beliefs of those nations have been imbibed and are now recognized principles of Judaism. The belief in the angels and archangels "Gabriel," "Michael," and "Ariel," was not taught by Moses, but together with the Jewish months, Nisan, Ada, Yar, &c., came from Babylon. The immortality of the soul was unknown to the Hebrews until their intercouse with the Assyrians. The "Urim and Thummim" of the breastplate of the high-priest, the serpent made by Moses and exhibited to the people, the brazen sea of the Temple upon twelve brazen oxen, the cherubim of the ark, and numerous symbols of the ancient Jewish worship, are all derived from the ancient Egyptians, and were comprised in the mysteries of their religion, which Moses learnt as an Egyptian priest, and then taught the children of Israel in the wilderness.

What was the Jewish religion at the time the Israelites were slaves in Egypt? There were no festivals to observe until they wandered in the wilderness, and Moses ordained those festivals should be kept as a lasting memorial. There were no prohibitions against any particular kinds of foods. There were none of the ceremonies and laws which Moses afterwards instituted. In what did their religion differ from the Egyptians, that the Israelites were always a distinct race? Simply in the absence of *symbolical* worship. In other respects their religion was the same as the Egyptians; and it was only a corrected form of their religion that Moses afterwards taught the Israelites, which he himself had learned as an Egyptian priest. But from the religion Moses taught, sprung nearly all the religions of the civilized world.—CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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